lies beneath delicate marbles., with a tiny slab beside her covering her baby. Of the fierce Adham Khan, the Eastern Tarquin, who took the lovely lady from the dethroned King of Mandu, last of the royal line of Gujerat, when she, the Lucrece of India, killed herself.

Akbar considered his sins so great that he felled him to earth with his own hand, and ordered his body should be thrown twice from the palace tower below, lest any spark of that cruel life should live in the flesh. Of the two royal princesses who were poisoned by Adham's mother at the Court before they had time to pour their wrongs into Akbar's ears ; of the mother herself, who, faithful to the pne love of her life, died of grief only forty days after her son's execution. All these, and many more, make up a company which might well beguile one to the sunset hour. Then the gorgeous colouring of the Jama disappears into one imperial purple, its minarets stand out solemn, yet soft, against the

red funeral pyre of the dying day, and it looks like a mosque moulded in violets.

And the pearly dome is most perfect seen above the quaint narrow winding of the Dariba byway, in whose dim recesses artists mould

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